

THE TINDER BOX

by
MARIA THOMPSON DAVIES
AUTHOR OF
"THE MELTING OF MOLLY"



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(Continued.)
My garden has grown into a perfect lot of blooms, but for the last two weeks queer signs have begun to eat tender buds that are forming for October blooming, and I have been mourning over it by day and by night and to everybody who will listen.

Aunt Augusta insists that the only thing to do is to get up with the first rack of dawn and carefully search out each bud, remove it and destroy it. The ways in this done for a week they will be exterminated.

I carefully explained it all to Jasper, and when I came down to breakfast he was coming in with three queer green things, also with an injured air of having been kept up all night. I didn't feel equal to making him go on with the combat and ignored the question for two days until I saw all the buds on my largest Neroli done for in one night.

I have always been able to get up at the break of day to go sketching. It was at daybreak that I made my sketch in the DeFeury gardens that captured the French art eye enough to get me my salon mention. If I could get up to splash water colors at that hour I surely could rush to the protection of my own roses, so I went to bed with gray dawn on my mind and the shutting wide open, so the first light would get full in my eyes.

I am glad that it was a good bright ray that woke me and partly dazzled me, for the sight I had after I had been kneeling down in the rose bed for fifteen minutes was something of a shock to me, though no reason in the world why it should have been. A faint remembrance that I ever speculated as to whether the Crags wore pajamas or not, and I don't see that I should have been surprised that he did instead of the nightshirt of our common ancestry.

He came around the side of the house out of the sun shot mist and was halfway down the garden path before I saw him or he saw me, and I must say that his unconcern under the circumstances was rather remarkable.

He was attired in a light blue silk pajama jacket, that was open at the throat and half way down his broad breast. He had on his usual gray trousers, but tags of blue trailed out and ruffled around his bare ankles and across his bare heels that protruded from his slippers. His hair was in heavy tousled black curls all over his head, and his gray eyes were positively mysterious with interrupted dreams. In one hand he carried a tin can and in the other a small pointed stick, which looked murderously fitted for the extermination of the marauders.

I was positively nervous over the prospect of his embarrassment when he should catch sight of me, but there was none.

"Ever" he exclaimed with surprise, and a ray of pure delight drove away the dream in his eyes. Nobody in the wide world calls me Eve but just the Crags, and he does it in a queer, still way when he is surprised to see me or glad, or sorry, or moved with any kind of sudden emotion.

And queer as it is I have to positively control the desire to answer him with the correlated title. A dash of surprise.

"I forgot to tell you yesterday that I was coming over to get the slugs for you, dear," he said as he came down the row of roses next to mine, squatted opposite to where I was kneeling by the bush, suffering Neron and began to examine the under side of each leaf carefully. He was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in the early light with his great chest bare and the blue of the pajamas melting into the bronze of his throat and calling out the gray in his eyes. I had to force myself into being gardener rather than artist, as we laughed together over the glass bowl and silver spoon I had brought out for the undoing of the slugs. Some day I'm going to paint him like that!

I found out about the pajamas from questioning Aunt Martha discreetly. They seemed so incongruous in relation to the usual old Henry Clay coat and stock collar that I had to know the reason why. Mrs. Hargrove's son was a very worldly man, she says, and wore them. It comforts her to make them for the Crags to wear in memoriam. He wears the collar Cousin Martha makes him with her own fingers after the pattern she made his father's by, for the same reason, and his Cousin Jasmine cuts his hair because she always cut her father's. Colonel Horton's, until his death. That accounts for the ante-bellum curls and the irregular tags in the back. I almost laughed when Cousin Martha was telling me, but I remembered how a glow rose in my heart when I saw that he still had father's little old Confederate combed hair cut like curls on the same pattern on which he had cut father's, since the days of reconstruction. Sometimes it startles me to find that with all my emancipation I am very like other women.

But I wonder what I would do if Sallie attracted him in any of the late Henry's wearing apparel?
"What do you suppose is the why of such useless things as slugs?" I speculated to stop that thought of slugs as we crawled down the row together, he searching one side of each bush and I the other.

"Well, they brought on this nice companionable hour for them, didn't they?" he asked, looking over into my eyes with a laugh.

"If wanted to see you early this morning anyway," he hastily pointed

"Sallie and the dominie sat talking to you so late last night that I didn't feel it was fair to come across after they left. But I wanted you so I could hardly get to sleep, and I was just half awake from a dream of you when I came into the garden."

"My aches don't belong to anybody if you need them, Jamie, and you don't have to be told that," I answered crossly when I thought what a grand time I might have been having talking about real things with the Crags instead of wrestling with Polk's romances or Sallie's and Mr. Haley's gush.

"Go on and tell me all about it while I crawl after you like a worm myself," I snuggled still further.

"Well, here goes! In the city council meeting last night your Uncle Peter told us about the plans that they have made up at Bolivar for entertaining the C. and G. commission, and the gloom of Polk and Lee, Ned and the rest of them, could have easily been cut in blocks and used for cold storage purposes. They are just all down out about it and no right left. Of course they all lose by the bond issue, but I can't see that it is bad enough to knock them all out like this. I got up in mighty wrath and I have got myself into one job. My eloquence landed me right into one large hole, and I am reaching out for a hand from you."

CHAPTER XI. Lending a Hand.

"HERE it is," and I reached over and let a smooch of loan across the back of his hand, while I brought away a brown circle around my wrist that the responsive grasp of his fingers left. "Do you want me single handed to get the bluff line chosen?"

"Not quite, but almost," he answered with another laugh. "You would if you tried. I haven't a doubt. Do you remember the talk we had the other night about its seeming inhospitable of you not to invite the other gentlemen in the commission over to see you when you invite Hall and his father? And you know how you had partly planned some sort of entertainment for the whole bunch. You had the right idea at the right place, as you always do. As you said, we don't want Bolivar to see us with what looks like a grouch on us at their good fortune, and I think that as the commission are all to be here as the guests of a private citizen, Glendale ought to entertain them publicly. There is no hope to get the line for us, but I would like those men at least to see what the beauty of that bluff road would be. The line across the river runs through the only ugly part of the valley, and while I know in the balance between dollars and scenery, scenery will go down and out, still it would be good for them to see it and at least get a vision of what might have been to haunt them when they take their first trip through the swamps across the country there. Now, as you are to have them anyway, I want to have the whole town entertain the whole commission and Bolivar with what is classically called among us a barbecue rally, the countryside to be invited. Bolivar is going to give them a banquet to be as near like what the Bolivarians imagine they have in New York as possible, and Mrs. Dr. Henderson is to give them a pink tea reception to which carefully chosen presentables, like you and me, are to be invited. You remember that circus day in July? A rally will be like that or more so. What do you think?"

"Oh, I think you are a genius to think about it," I gasped as I sat down on a very cruel Killarney branch and just as quickly sat up again, receiving comforting expressions of sympathy from across the bush, to which I paid no heed. "Those class citizen men will go crazy about it. We can have the barbecue up on the bluff, where we have always had it for the political rallies, and a fish fry and the country people in their wagons, with children tumbling all over everything, and—and you will make a great speech, with all of us looking on and being proud of you, because nobody in New York or beyond can do as well. We can invite a lot of people up from the city and over from Bolivar and Hillsboro and Providence to hear you tell them all about Tennessee while things are cooking, and—"

"This rally is to show off Glendale, not the Crags," he interrupted me, with a quizzical laugh.

Now, how did he know I called him the Crags in my heart? I suppose I did it to his face and never knew. I seem to think right out loud when I am with him, and feel out loud too. I ignored his levity, that was out of place when he saw how my brain was beginning to work well and rapidly.

"You mean, don't you, Jamie, that you want to get Glendale past this place that is humiliating, swimming with her head up?" I asked softly past a rose that drooped against my cheek.

Perfectly justifiable tears came to my lashes as I thought what a humiliation it all was to him and the rest of them to be passed by an opportunity like that and left to die in their gray moldiness off the main line of life-shed.

"That is one of my prayers, to get past humiliations, swimming with my head up," I added softly, though I blushed from my toes to my top curl at the necessity that had called out the prayer the last time. It's awful on a woman to feel herself growing up still

and starchy by a man's side and then to get eight of a gourd vine tangling itself up between them. I'm the dryad out of one of my own twin oaks down by the gate, and I want the other twin to be—

I wonder if his eyes really look to other women like deep gray pools that you can look deeper and deeper into and never seem to get to the bottom, no matter if the look does seem to last forever and you feel yourself blushing and wanting to take your eyes away or if it is just I that get so drowned in them!

"You're a gallant stroke, Evelina," he said softly as I at last gained possession of my own sight. "And here I am with a hand out to you for assistance in carrying out your own plan that seems to be just the thing to—"

"Say, Cousin James, Aunt Marfy says for you to come home to breakfast right away. Miss Hargrove won't let nobody begin until you says the blessing, and Cousin Jasmine have got the headache from waiting for her coffee. What do you want to fool with Evelina this time of day for anyway?" And with the delivery of which message and reproach Henrietta stood on the edge of the path looking down upon us with great and scornful interest.

"You've got on your nightshirt and haven't combed your hair or washed your face," she continued sternly. "There'll be— to pay with all the breakfast getting cold, and I'm empty down to my feet. Come on, quick!"

"Henrietta," I said sternly as I rose to my feet, "I've asked you once not to say ugly words like that." "I'll go make the lightning toilet, Henrietta. Do run like a good girl and ask Mrs. Hargrove to let Cousin Jasmine have her cup of coffee right away. I'll be there before the rest are dead from hunger," and Cousin James skillfully interrupted the threatened feminine clash as he emptied my glass bowl into his tin can and stuck the sharp stick in the ground for future reference. Even Henrietta's pointed allusion to his toilet had not in the least ruffled his equanimity or brought a shade of consciousness to his face.

"Miss Hargrove said that the Bible said not for any woman to say a blessing at any table or at any place that anybody can hear her when Cousin Marfy wanted to be polite to the Lord by saying just a little one and go on before we was all too hungry," answered Henrietta in her most scornfully tolerant voice. "If women eat out loud before everybody why can't they pray their thank you out loud like any man?"

In answer he hurried down the walk away from us. "Henrietta," I asked in a calmly argumentative tone of voice as she and I walked up the path to the house, "didn't Mr. Haley talk to you just yesterday and tell you how wicked it is for you to use—use—such strong words as you do?"

Mr. Haley had told me just a few days ago that he and Aunt Augusta had agreed to open their campaign of reform on Henrietta by a pastoral lecture from him, to be followed strongly by a neighborly one from her.

"No, he never did any such thing," answered Henrietta promptly, and what Henrietta says is always the truth, because she isn't afraid of anybody or anything enough to tell a lie. "He just told me over and over in a whole lot of words how I ought to love



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and be good to Sallie. If I was to love Sallie that kind of way, he said, I would be so busy I couldn't do none of the things Sallie don't like to do herself and makes me do. "Strid" he saying, "My precious mother, I love you and want to be good because you want me to, about every hour I had better wipe the twins' noses and wash the dirt off them and light Aunt Dile's phthisic pipe and get things upstairs for Sallie and Miss Jasmine and everybody when they are so religious. And I'm too hungry to talk any more about it." With which she departed.

(To be Continued.)

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WHY LIQUOR MEN FIGHT. Many Reasons for Opposing the Doctrines of Prohibition.

A prominent writer on the staff of a famous Eastern newspaper recently made some editorial comments on the subject of diminished internal revenue receipts, ascribing them to prohibition.

The following reply, showing that this curtailment of Federal Revenue was due chiefly to hard times and not to prohibition, and answering the arguments of the editorial writer: "If Prohibition does not prohibit why do the liquor men fight it?" was prepared and sent in by one intimately acquainted with every phase of the liquor trade.

The reply sent to this Eastern newspaper was as follows:

Why Prohibition Is Fought.
"You fall into a very usual error quite frequent among gentlemen of your profession when you say that— 'It would seem useless from a business standpoint for the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers Association or the Local Liquor Dealers Association to fight prohibition, if there is as much liquor used in a state after it goes 'dry' as before."

"You entirely overlook the fact that the men engaged in the distilling and marketing of liquor regard their business as legitimate as the newspaper business or any other calling. 'In this connection, I am enclosing a copy of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the famous Warehouse Receipt cases decided January 26, 1914, in which the court decided the following language when speaking of the liquor business: Supreme Court's Opinion.

"But we know of no ground for thus condemning honest transactions which grow out of the recognized necessities of a lawful business. 'The distiller and the wholesaler liquor dealer, with his many millions of invested capital, presents having a business in itself legitimate, outlived by legislative enactments in spots.

"The distiller and liquor dealer desires to defend the legal status of his calling and does not want to sell goods illegally."

"Therefore, he fights prohibition which as you well know, is enacted in states and in towns, never unanimously and usually by very scant majorities."

"I make this explanation because I am sure this fact has never been called to your attention before."

"There is another feature to this question. When a state is voted 'dry,' as in the famous state of Kansas by about 7,000 majority, as in the state of Maine at the last election by only 758 majority, in North Dakota by only 1,155 majority, you can readily see that the demand for liquors in such states does not cease but the demand for the higher tier, the bootlegger, speaks more loudly than the legitimate liquor dealer, and the selling of which is regarded as detrimental to our business in every way."

"This explains to you why we care more for the manner in which liquor is sold than for the quantity sold. As proof of the fairness of editorialials and newspaper men, this reply was printed on the editorial page of this Eastern newspaper and a letter was received thanking the writer for the information and enlightening details furnished."

NOTICE

Bridgeport Hydraulic Co.
No. 820 MAIN STREET

Water Rates for the quarter ending Oct. 1st, 1915, are NOW DUE and payable at the office of the Company, No. 820 Main Street. All bills must be paid on or before Oct. 15, 1915.

Business hours Saturdays from 8 A. M. to 12 M.
For the accommodation of the public the office will be kept open from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Mondays, Oct. 12th and 19th, 1915
G1 t* ALBERT E. LAVERY, Secretary.

REGISTRARS' NOTICE

The Registrars of Voters will be in session, Monday, October 11, 1915, at their office, Room 4, Masonic Temple, 1005 Broad Street from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 p. m. for the purpose of perfecting the voting lists and to receive applications of those persons who desire to be made electors. Applications will not be received after 5 o'clock p. m. on that date.

WILLIAM LOUNSBURY,
JAMES H. ROONEY,
G5 r* General Registrars of Voters

CALL FOR THE PRIMARIES OF
THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY,
IN THE CITY OF
BRIDGEPORT.

The Democratic Primaries in and for the City of Bridgeport, State of Connecticut, will be held on Monday, October 11th, 1915, between the hours of five o'clock p. m. and nine o'clock p. m. in each of the voting districts in said City of Bridgeport, at which primaries delegates shall be selected to attend a convention for the nomination of a mayor, city clerk, town clerk, tax collector, city treasurer, three city sheriffs, three selectmen, and two members of the board of education, and to transact any other business that might legally be transacted by said convention. At the said Primaries, aldermanic candidates from each of the voting districts shall be chosen.

HUGH J. LAVERY,
Town Chairman of the Democratic Party.

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Mr. A. Goldman, Victoria, Texas, says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried."
Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 10 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every remedy but got no relief or cure until I took yours. In forty-eight hours, I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this unsolicited." Hill's Rheumatic Remedy is on sale at most drug stores at \$1.00 per bottle. One bottle generally effects a complete cure. Call or send for free sample bottle and booklet at once. There is no greater service you can perform for humanity than to tell any rheumatic sufferer about this wonderful preparation. Address: Hill Medicine Co., 117 East 44th St., New York, N. Y.

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LIVE STOCK MARKET
New York, Oct. 7.—Common to very choice steers sold at \$6.75 to \$8.40 per 100 pounds; bulls at \$4 to \$6.25; cows at \$2.50 to \$6.25. Dressed beef at 12c and 15c for city dressed native sides.

Common to prime veals sold at \$8.50 to \$12.50 per 100 lbs.; a few head at \$12.75 to \$13; culs at \$7 to \$8; grassers at \$5 to \$6; yearlings at \$4 to \$1.50. Dressed calves, 14 to 19c for city dressed veals; 1-2 to 1-3c for country dressed.

Common to choice sheep sold at \$3.50 to \$5.75 per 100 lbs.; common to choice lambs at \$7.50 to \$9.75. Dressed mutton, 8 to 11c; dressed lambs, 12 to 15c; hog dressed, 15 to 1-2c.

Medium weight hogs sold at \$8.75 to \$8.75 per 100 lbs.; roughs at \$6.50 to \$8.75.

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State of Connecticut
Treasury Department.

Taxes
on
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Bridgeport lays taxes on all property owned by residents on September 1st, of each year. All residents of this City can pay a tax of four mills on the dollar on bonds, notes or other choses in action and exempt them from the much larger local tax, but this must be done BEFORE September 1st. Enquire of your banker or write to STATE TREASURER, at Hartford, about this.

A HEAVY PENALTY
is fixed for avoiding this tax by a law passed by the last General Assembly. A copy of the law will be mailed to any one writing for it. Money in Bank is taxable.

F. S. CHAMBERLAIN,
Treasurer.

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